

Liberal Religious Youth
25 Beacon Street
Boston, MA 02108
(617) 742-2105 x370

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--I was going through the files one morning... a dusty cabinet in the corner called to me. I opened the bottom drawer, and my eyes were met by files of old papers. I pulled out a copy from the back of the file, Nameless Newsprint circa 1969. An IRV Publication that preceded Soup. This article was written about IRV twelve years ago. IRV has been growing and changing continually since it's very beginnings... yet it has been said that the more thing change, the more things stay the same... For some reason this seemed appropriate...

Sharing Stones With Rings

Have you ever lived off the street?... Walked alone inside the rain?... Huddled in the darkness of doorways that never open and watched the faces move on past you?

Have you ever lived off the streets?... Not my street, yours--I don't remember you; Charles St., Boston; Haight St., San Francisco; York St., Toronto; University Ave., Berkeley... "23rd St." leads to Heaven, but if you walk its sidewalks alone you'll never get there.

And watching those faces pass by... eyes that lift wide for recognition but close again with nothingness, hands that reach from pockets but return empty...

And your pockets filled with stones to share... so many stones... you wander the shores of a city metropolis searching for children to skip them with... dreams wrapped in crystal cloth... losing their magic because you can't find someone to unfold them for.

Have you walked alone down those endless streets looking for people to skip your gifts to, unwrap your dreams to?... Have you watched their faces and reached because there was a gentleness... you heard a voice, a word spoken, you looked up but there was no one there, then you turned, and there was a face that looked familiar... and you screamed inside but it didn't answer because it was your reflection in a store window.

Man, Have you walked down Patchen's "23rd St."... turning the corners of your lifetime, hoping that around one of them would be Heaven... hoping one would hold a thousand children, all with their pockets bulging with stones to share... hoping... but always turning and finding another doorway locked, another place where you thought you heard words but there was no one around to speak them.

If you have, then you know... Lonliness, (lonliness with a capital "L") that finds you in hidden doorways, that peers at you through store windows and then chases you down sidewalks..... that waits for you to turn those corners.

Lonliness...

I remember when I used to feel it... a lot of the time... then I got mixed up in some organization called Liberal Religious Youth... that was seven years ago... I still feel it (we all do) but not as much anymore. Sometimes I find myself walking senselessly alone down one of those streets, then I awake... think a little about where things are at... then run to the nearest shore where stones are being shared, voices heard... children's laughter. Sometimes I visualize people joining in circles... faces that are familiar... two of those hands mine, touching the warmth of something in common... these people might call themselves LRVers.

Liberal Religious Youth... When I think about what I might have done if I hadn't happened to... you know... make the connections... I think of all the stones I might have buried in my back yard, high above the ocean because I hadn't found anyone to share them with. Well I don't even begin to remember what corner it all started around--I just feel my hands, my body and my mind... and they're warm from the circles I've lived within.

cont. on p.3



People Soup, Vol. VIII, Issue III. A publication of Liberal Religious Youth, Inc., Boston Massachusetts. A non-profit youth organization affiliated with the Unitarian Universalist Association. All rights reserved. July, 1981.

The cast of thousands... Amy Shapiro, Nan Warshaw, Keith Knost, Ryk McIntyre, Jeff Edmonds Lisa Feldstein, Princely, Trace DeHaven, "The Border Tape Brigade" James Bohem on phone, Mike Davis, Hunter Thompson in spirit, Kathryn Price (ed) on typewriter and neurosis, Mary Melchor, Kimba Le Punque...etc...etc...missharmy...etc...

Cover: Photo: Prince. Drawing: Keith Knost. Additional Graphics: Paul Borneo Ursula Shea, Carlene Gardner, and whoever else has scrawled anything... Love and thanks to all who made this possible...love you --ed.

Your contributions for this paper are welcomed, appreciated, and NEEDED. This publication is made possible through your energies, both physical and spiritual. All contributions will be considered for publication. We can't pay for contributions...as the budget is in ill health... (financial condolences and questions about advertising rates eagerly accepted at:) People Soup 25 Beacon St Boston MA 02108

Laura-I don't worry about you as much as our mother does, but that doesn't mean I don't think about you. Love and all that stuff that's hard to talk about. Amy

This is only goodbye--T.D. Dominate me quick!

Leslie R.-It seems we see each other less and less. I love you.-Amy disclaimer: I wrote that song as a joke, honest.... but now that sheerest fantasy has become reality(?) I should thank L.H.,B.T.,S.F D.T.,&J.B., for their dubious letter writing campaign(who's idea was that?) and Keith for the artwork. bye fer now....trace

"You are my SUNCO, my only SUNCO..." you people were so wonderful...I almost felt like a (conference) virgin again...I don't really have most of your addresses, I'd love to hear from you...please write! such love, the strange LRYer from Boston with drawings on her jeans

QUASEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!! Will where are you (whimper) I miss you, I felt like we just said hello and never even got a chance to say goodbye (and lots of other things) I don't know how to find you...let me know you're alive! PLEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!??!! Kathryn...

Boulder LRY: Just a blab to the world how proud I am to be your advisor. You're a neat bunch of folks and I love you all--even if I am 40! Thanks for the birthday bash. Libby.

Hey Quincil, I got a present for ya... It's just what you've always wanted. Her name is Kimba. With love and scratches, Nan

ryk,MAKE ME COFFEE! TYPE THIS! DRAW ON THE WALL! WRITE A POEM! HELP ME WITH THIS! GIVE ME PAPER TO SCRAWL MY HEART OUT ON! GET ME HUNTER THOMPSON, PAITI SMITH, AND T.S. ELIOT ON THE PHONE RIGHT NOW! (hell, we're not even married...or are we!...)

Amy, Kim, George, Moosemeat, Evelyn, Topaz, Hamsters, Ron, Max, Paul V., Paul B., Julie, and everyone -- Shine ON! Dream ON! Peace, Lydia

Hey Austinites the house hasn't sold, so if we rent, you'll see us now and then as we play slum landlords. Be sure to get your bobs to all MICONs so we can see your faces. Still love and miss you all. Will wave from Flagstaff Mountain above Boulder. The Pitts.

Mary Bana-pants! I loved your personal! By the time you read this, maybe the cavalry will have rescued us from the Fort. Dave, Q, and I love Colorado and would love to see you at MICON! I quiver with antic...patition! Keep smilin! Babe! Love, Libby.

Annika: It was well worth it. Did you go to IRT? Luv, Nan Chris, let's dream some more... Love always (even across the country),Nan Murgily...Life is good. Are you still existant? Drop a line. Love, Mimi

Jaya-krT-krpna caitanya prabhu nityananda / jayadvaita gadadhara srTvaade gaura bhakta vrinda Tom Oehser--I'm not Perfect!!! Guess who.

Hey y'all, I'm thinking of you here in the big wide world! Much love to all my I.R.F. friends (Lynne, Linda, Eric, Aoi, Rogee, et.al.) and my old D.V.F. buddies (Elly, Katy, Moira, and well just everyone!) I'm at Box 2250 Brown U. in Providence R.I. 02912 --Chris Granda

PERSONALS



(an LRWIRE) NOTICE Dear LRYers, If you would like to receive GRUST, Starr King's newsletter, send your address (and maybe even your name) to: GRUST c/o Jack Bragen 3600 Granzotto Drive Concord, CA 94519

NINE!!!!!!omigodmessedup The zip code is 94519 AAAAAAAAAAAAAAGH!!!!!!!!!!!!

Message to all those who know me, those who don't but wish they did, and those who just read personals hoping to see one written for them, (hello!). I'm hiding out in a 15' by 7' room surrounded by millions of T.V.'s constantly showing "Dallas", and fear my brain will be damaged if I emerge. So I'm staying put. All those who wish to contact me can do so by writing to me at: The 15' by 7' room 510 Maple Ave. Philippi, WV. 26416

ALSO: Anyone going from or through Pittsburgh on their way to Con Con--PLEASE let me know. It's a long bus ride from W.V. to Missouri.--love, Kat (alias Kim Russo)

To the Phoenix Four: Thanks for your caring and understanding. I'm still mad about missing Chaco Canyon, but that's life. Aren't you glad the bus didn't break down, and KC didn't run through the "Road Closed" barricade? Let's hear it for Raton, NM! Love, Libby, the Fifth Phoenix.

DREW where are yew? I would love to hear from either the man himself, or anyone knowing the most recent address of a once LRY acquaintance of mine named Drew Derby, formerly of Rutland, Vermont. It would be greatly appreciated. Write: Jane King 3831 Hampton Drive Anchorage, Alaska 99504

Hey, Je (pronounced "gee...") how ya doin'??? HUH? HUH? I know that God is everywhere, but I think it would work better if we didn't have to stretch it all the way between Boston and Florida...I mean, we might be messing up telecommunications all along the East Coast...Have you found that having a god complex seems to make people treat you somewhat differently? --sus.

Lee, we fixed the shower, you can have your toothbrush back if you want it...but you have to come and get it. I'll be waiting in the bathtub with three cases of beer and an assortment of friends.

"Hey, look, she really misses the guy, Right Bo?" --Yup...

Who am I gonna sing "That'll be the day" with now, huh Bo? "Yup." "Yup." Ah shut up "Yup." I said shut up stupid! "Yup." AAAAGH! Bshzzz! Bshzzz! Bshzzz!

I'm cleaning up my image. F.B. doesn't stand for Fuck Bunny, it stands for Fraternity Brother. Still confused? Come see for your self. Colin MacDougal, 8x house 315 16th Ave S.E., MPLS, MN 55414 (612)331-7929.

Alicia, how and where are you? I never would have gotten the last issue out in time without you. Thanks again. love and "m" labels--the voice from under the table

We'll get there, eventually.

Nice tits, Janet! --Lisa & David Laurie- Would you like some Orange Juice? --Other half of the dangerous combination

Marc Pinsinnault- where are you? I will be at 605 Pleasant St. Belmont, MA 02178 from July to late August. Please contact me, it's been a long time. lane

Erin: "I will never forget you, I will never forsake you..." Thanks for your time, energy, and, most of all, love. --Lisa JWP P.D.M.G.D.O.C.S.O.W.A.M!

Julie Sakarason, Hey there, how's life in the sun? Drop me a line sometime and let me know what's up. --Ruthe P.S. I don't care if you're corrupted. I love you any way.

Cathy Reed, I'm sorry to say, but cresschese lives on. I love you. --Prince

Rape, Kill, Pillage and Burn, gonnarapekillpillageandburn EAT BABIES! love, Hank (Punchy)

(lessen in Fun-Chy) Ding us choy choy? Ding wa moo goo gyo pan Dong Ding Ming Chow! --Hank Prince

Kaity and Erin: "You're so vain, you probably think this song is about you." Love you both! --Lisa

Tise- Thanks for the news, love. It made my day. I hope Iceland is wonderful. --Your big sister

Q: What do you call a line of rabbits walking backwards? A: A receding hairline.

LEE, I love you. --your wife

Look here, I don't know what the hell is happening here. Our parties are too small. We need your --ove, Devo-o

Erin--Mrs. Walton says "hello" love, Prince

Hey cutie, (yeah, you agsin, Erin) you didn't think I'd type those personals and not say hi to you too, didja? --guess who (winkwink) --kathryn

Suzan Victoria, I love you, let's go back and visit little Billy in the parlour sometime.

S-T-A-R-I S-T-A-R-I Oceanic! Oceanic! RA! RA! RA! I WILL Come Back! I WILL Come Back! love, light, and U.F.O.s --Kathryn Almee...sleft, drool, beer-baths, "cheap, warm, and white" etc, etc, je t'aime mon amie...don't forget me when you're back in the real world...

...come out from under the table and draw me some teardrops?....

NOTICE The theme for the memorial day Princeton conference has been changed to "Itches & Scratches" --Big Brother

Nathan, we can't keep meeting like this! But I remembered it: 2141 and 47402. It's my mantra.

CUTE LITTLE GIRLS DESERVE TO DIE

Wanted: One male blond. Not too tall or short fat or thin. Must be good-looking and nice! Call 895-4037 You asked for it bunny! Love always, Cassie

Question of the week: who wanted to be a bottle of Bosco when she grew up? Love to you Lisa up in the wilds of Boston. I really miss you! (when you think about it aren't I sending a personal to myself? strange) Now I am using the mirrors if he's going to think I am anyway then why not!

EMERGENCY - LOOK IN COLORADO FOR LOVE PARTNER

I didn't like a Unitarian I never met

MURDER THE DISTURBED!!

HEY IS THAT LEFT? IS IT YOU? -- JIP like real!

notice: Stephen Woodbridge never had scabies!!!

LISA- WHEN A WOLF SHOWS UP! WHO'LL CRY NEXT YEAR? --MARGUERITE -- D MARCH 1981

notice: Stephen Woodbridge never had scabies!!!

notice: Stephen Woodbridge never had scabies!!!



Sharing... (cont. from p.1)

But the seasons die and new ones are born... the circles turn and hands are always leaving for other circles... spaces for others to come and share. The circles turn to the music of their newer sounds, and the spirits of those who have come and gone dance within them..... Circles turning... seasons changing... people moving on, taking memories with them. Remembering the warmth, and the ways they've grown.

Now I'm looking back at LRY... Where is LRY now?... I feel it's grown through strength and learning... I feel a whole historical background of both joy and pain from which it has grown... I feel a "newer understanding"... I see LRY growing from a child to an adult... slowly... aging as it pulls the things it's learned together, and I watch it bending lower to gather its changes and make its commitments... and it's beautiful, but I'm worried...and when I reach back I remember... I remember who was behind that corner... I remember the faces and the stones that were shared... I'm worried, and my worries are filled with confusion.

I want LRY to lift gently from the ground... taking its commitments with it... stand up and straighten... stretch itself to the sky and take deep, healthy breath of where things are at with all the hands that make the circles.

Now before we are all choked to death by abstracts, let me explain. Liberal Religious Youth now grows closer to the UUA... in becoming one... in a "newer understanding"... and it's beautiful. It is time for LRY to be part of the changes... to be a part of the growth. It is a time for LRY to find a basis in the Church... to understand and be understood. But within LRY and SRL there are many who don't feel close to the Unitarian Church... don't share the commitments. Some of these people are not Unitarians, but rather come from other religions; some have grown up in Unitarian Sunday schools, then drifted away; and some are struggling in understanding what a religion can be... it is for us.

"Liberal Religious Youth"...all these people have one thing in common... we need each other... we need to feel the warmth of other hands... no, not just the warmth, but more so the feeling that there are things to share, a place to go together... a place to grow together.

"A friend and I have grown very close through the years, emptying many pockets of stones to each other, sharing stones with rings, and special dreams wrapped in crystal cloth... now we are older... our feet a little firmer to the ground



we find the circles that seem to make our lives are different and it is getting harder to share them.

But our love is strong and the need to share is great To have each other we must find new circles...open our lives and search for things in common. ...places to grow together."

Liberal Religious Youth has got to keep its oneness... its fellowship... the larger the circle that speaks of "we would be one." The larger circle from the smaller ones grows. A place with commitments, but more so a place away from our commitments (I said "our" commitments because we all have them... they're just different at times.)

LRY has been a place of diversity... reaching to the streets and pulling some people away from "Lonliness" back to where words are spoken, and where when you turn you'll find someone that wants to share them. LRYers have come from so many different streets... so many hidden doorways ...and look at them... reach back and look at the roads they've travelled... so many different roads... and where those roads have taken them.

LRY has been an ocean, and for years we've stood on its shores and shared our stones ... skipping them through each other's lives. And the stones we've shared have been of different shapes... some have felt good to hold in our hands, others haven't, but we've been able to share them all.

And I'd hate to wake up some day and find that some of the people that were a part of LRY, or could have been a part, were washed away because they didn't have the right things to share, or the right commitments... or the same roads to travel.

I want to see that larger circle wheeling... spinning through its music.

And the shores of LRY always lined with children--wandering, gathering, and filling their pockets with stones to share.

menlo macfarlane dec 4th '69 (?) reprinted from Nameless Newsprint Vol. 1, No. 4

DISSERTATION of a fool

By Michelle Walter



Throughout the ages history has recorded the presence of fools. Fools can be a number of things. Usually fools are people from all walks of life. There are good fools, bad fools, foolish fools, nobody's fool and fooling around. Some fools are easy to see, others contain their foolishness in more subtle ways.

A solid definition is always a plus when finding out fools. The Random House Dictionary provides an answer, "a silly or stupid person; who lacks sense." On the other hand, the dictionary reveals that a fool is "a dish made of fruit, scalded or stewed, crushed, and mixed with cream." A problem has arisen, what is a fool? Sounds delectable to one with a hearty appetite. Since the dictionary is not an accurate source, one must turn to the moral majority. The moral majority rules the thoughts and actions of most minds in our world. To help our predicament in defining fools, a look at who was classified as a fool in earlier times would be a great help.

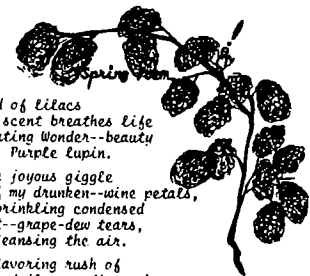
A fool is usually someone who is different from most of the masses. Vincent Van Gogh was different. Through his paintings we interpret that he saw life in a blurred way. He also fits the block of a fool in love (those irrational, senseless people who thrive on happiness) he was so foolish he cut off his ear for love. One must wonder whether his talents

or actions were more foolish. It is a fact his foolishness was not fondly taken. Some fools discovered other fools were wrong. Galileo negated Aristotle's laws of nature. The medieval magistrates cried "fool!" while Galileo snickered "fools..." Now the magistrates must feel foolish. Adolf Hitler was a fool who undertook a campaign to make sure no one knew it. Actually, he lacked sense and was a firm fitter of the Random House definition. Joan of Arc was a fool because she stood up for what she believed in. Who were the fools while she lived?

Sometimes it was fashionable to be foolish. In medieval times a Feast of Fools took place once a year. It was a time when everyone was a fool for a day. It was the only time the real fools could rest easy. Soon the feast became to fool-hardy and had to be stopped. King Lear, a character in a play written by Shakespeare, was a reformed fool. He dunderheadedly saw love as something to be touched. He finally realized what love really was and died

foolishly happy. K.A. Porter wrote a novel depicting that the earth houses a ship of fools. Her philosophy is that each person is searching for happiness but there is no release and they are always threatened with destruction. Who is to say whether her ideas are foolish? Some fools state searching, learning, and interpreting are the keys to eternal bliss. No matter how the fact is revealed, fools are everywhere to be found.

James Douglas Morrison, a renowned fool of the late sixties, also announced that the earth is a "ship of fools". He did not, however, have the same views as Ms. Porter. He saw the world as a planet heading for destruction. Mr. Morrison died in his bathtub. (so they say--ed) With the dawn of technology and the decline of humanity, it seems the only fools are the ones who destroy the beauty surrounding them. Alas, the same question has yet to be answered...What is a fool?



Child of Lilacs
Soft scent breathes life
Radiating Wonder--beauty
Purple Lupin.

And a joyous giggle
Of my drunken--wine petals,
Sprinkling condensed
Sweet--grape-dew tears,
Cleansing the air.

My flavoring rush of
tendrils--spreading arbors,
Collecting the day Meditations
The Clusters of Lilacs
Hover on the brink of foolishness.

--Lisa Mule'

4 PROFILE



Is there really such a thing as "the typical LRYer"?...Many years ago it was said that the only "typical" LRYers that existed were Joe Taco and his friend Suzy Creamcheese. Well, I can't say that Trace is typical...but I will say that every time he has performed this song at an LRY coffeehouse he has struck a familiar chord (or at least elicited a smile) from everyone in the room. At first I wasn't too sure how this would be received by the people who don't know Trace; but due to the flood of "we want Trace" letters, and, well, why not!? We proudly present to you this month's "coverperson"—(da ta da daaaa!) (wait for it...) Trace DeHaven!!!!!!!!!!!!

ON THE COVER of People Soup

(sung to the music of "On the Cover of The Rolling Stone" by Shel Silverstein)

Rewritten by Trace DeHaven

Well I've been to Every conference for the last five years
And I know everybody's name!

I played a lotta "wink"
an' I played in The Retardos
So I'm legendary by now

I've taken all kinds of pills
To give me all kinds of thrills
but the thrill I've never known
is the thrill that'll get me
when I get my picture
On the cover of People Soup

(Chorus)

People Soup--
wanna see my picture on the cover
Sooup--
wanna steal five copies for my mother
Sooup--
wanna see my smilin' face
On the cover of People Soup

I've got fourteen ex ole one night stands
right here in this room
I got my latest sleazy bunny
keepin my sleepin-bag warm

Well I been real lucky
cuz I never use protection
but my reputations well know
you know I always look bitchy
But I can't get my picture
On the cover of People Soup

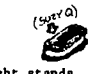
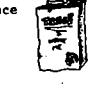
(Chorus)

You know I never go to workshops
An' I often get lost
in the stream of consciousness
Yes I love to foof the nubiles
and stay up till four o'clock
Those Ameobas always get me high

Well I've seen Rocky Horror
forty-two times
And I've dressed up like a punk

I've been the late night feature
but I couldn't get my picture
On the cover of People Soup

(Chorus)



An L.R.Y. conference as a religious and humanistic experience by Patty James

some excerpts...

"...Religion is the greatest motive/power on earth, far exceeding any other force in releasing the infinite energy in man, that is like a coiled spring, waiting to be freed."

The conference began with a nervous atmosphere, one that was annoying and depressing. The LRYers seemed to be groping about, trying to find that warm unity with one another; but the air was tense and insecure.

As more people arrived, they would be stampeded with hugs and kisses, "girls hugging girls, girls hugging boys, boys hugging boys, boys kissing boys." Everyone was happy to see each other, but they just couldn't relax.

By ten P.M., most everyone had arrived. We were told to all gather in the sanctuary for "awareness". The leader instructed our group (of about fifty people) to sit on the floor allowing enough space between one another to place our hands comfortably on the floor at our sides. We closed our eyes, and at the word of our leader, began to clap our hands on the floor. At first, not much was put into it, though the clapping soon became stronger and harder. It sounded like a hard rain, echoing into louder thunder. Yelling was added, screaming, clapping, louder--louder, piling and piling, layer upon layer of aggressive noise, and then..."STOP!"

Our leader said to stop, calm down, and start moving to the center of the room. When we were all sitting tightly, shoulder to shoulder and feeling the warmth of each others presence, with our eyes closed, we (this time with our hands in the air) re-enacted the entire clapping and yelling game. Then we were sitting with our eyes closed, listening to the silence. Everything was calm and quiet.

The leader must have felt the mounting energy in the room, for he knew exactly when to break the silence. We began breathing exercises (with our eyes still closed).

We would inhale deeply, and exhale in loud "ahhs", again and again, until it began to blend. We could hear the same stream tying us all together. The exhale was changed to "oh", and then we mixed the two. At first the "oh's" and "ah's" were choppy and separat-

ated. It didn't take long, though, for this warm vibrating sound to take on all of the harmony of a gregorian chant. It was one long flow of voices, echoing and growing, and it even seemed to take on a tune; voices moving easily to highs and lows, all one together.

We were then told that we were free to leave. Nobody moved. Most of us didn't open our eyes. The leader repeated the offer. Slowly we rose, helping each other up, and automatically became a mass in the center of the room. None of us wanted to leave that atmosphere; because we were bonded together in harmony, spirit, and trust. We were a family.

The world has changed
because of the moment of
Unison.
Unison with the family
of love
My mind is at ease
My body is changed from
tired to peaceful weary 3

Many people sat together and sang with guitars for a few hours...and then we went to bed.

It is such a happy, secure feeling to wake to see the morning sun shining on so large a family, all asleep together peacefully.

The harmony from the night before still glowed strongly..(later on in the day) we were having a blind lunch. This was where the people all paired off, and one of each couple was blindfolded. The blind persons companion fed the person fresh fruit, homemade bread and unprocessed cheese. After the first person had their fill, the roles were switched. One has never fully used one's sense of taste until he or she has tried this. It brings an awareness that convinces one that nothing will ever taste the same again.

There were also people having blind walks. This is much like the lunch, only it takes an extreme amount of trust. As the blind person is lead on the arm of their partner, they must in fact become that person, and let every action be controlled by them. There is such a strong and curious sensation about kneeling to brush a cheek in the grass, fingers groping along the ground to find a rock in the crackling spiny dead leaves, and picking it up to smell it. Imagine.

Later in the afternoon were workshops and a water fight...participated in by about twenty-five people. It consisted of squirt guns, water balloons and big buckets. We were very wet.

After dinner, people mainly did as they liked. There was singing, helping one another with homework, and just talking. Here and there would be groups of five or six people walking arm in arm, grabbing anyone they saw, to extend the line. There were also kissing circles, and sudden foofing* epidemics. Foofing is when one person pulls up another's shirt, puts his mouth on the stomach, and blows, making a very loud noise. People do it to babies all the time...it tickles. Once one person does it, someone usually decides to become the "mad foofer", and goes about doing it to everyone, and of course, those people have to do it back, and we have an epidemic.

At ten P.M. we were again called together for a family meeting...and settled in a large circle on the floor. While our four officers read, by candle light, a story they had written about LRY, we listened and passed kisses and hand-squeezes around the room.

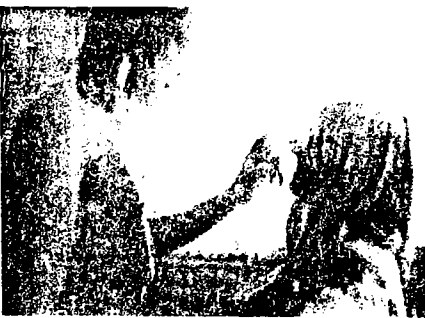
The conference gave a new breath to my neglected purpose. I must help my friends to learn to live, live to love, love to learn. Share. Grow. Teach. Learn.

footnotes:

1--Henry Forman, Roland Gammon
Truth is One

2--Quote from a reading at family meeting
saturday night

3--Gayle Greenslade, after awareness gathering
* and sometimes spelled foof, fuff, fuuf...



"People are happy when you think about it...
When you don't, they're not."

BIOFEEDBACK MONITOR SYSTEM



Bob Davis/"SRL"
P.O. Box 7187
Olympia, WA 98502
(206) 766-8013

5

I went to LRY week on Star Island and attended a series of workshops designed to enlighten us on what feminism has to do with disarmament and what sexism has to do with militarism. The members of the workshop composed a statement or rather, a plea to live our lives in peace without the fear of nuclear annihilation. We thought this could be possible if our society redefined what it means to be a woman, to be a man, to live in America and to be militarily secure.

We worked exhaustively on this statement so that people who were not in our workshop could understand what we had learned. It had to be clear, concise, and above all, non-aggressive. In rough drafts, we had terms like "male dominated society" and "suppression of women" which outlined the feminism part of the workshop. These we eliminated. We did not condemn any ways of thinking about nuclear war and the Russians such as, "the Soviets are out to get us", "we can win a nuclear war", or, "there is nothing we can do about it". We said nothing about disarmament or even, directly, about an arms freeze. How soft a statement could it be?

Our objective was to have this statement ratified by the conference. In the end, it was not ratified. It died to all, save those who wrote it.

One rainy day, there was a mandatory business meeting for the Star Island Conference. There were ninety-six people of approximately one-hundred-and-fifteen conferees present. For the third time, I read our statement and asked that it be ratified by the conference. That evidently threw some people into a state of alarm. Many arguments ensued on how we should vote--pro, con, "no" votes, and abstentions. Finally we voted. There were about eighty "for" and about twenty "against". We had a majority. Immediately a furor arose over the twenty or so people who were not present. It was said that we could not ratify the statement without them being there because who knows whether those absent would have voted against our proposal?

Anyway, it was decided, that although we had a majority at the business meeting, that this voting did not count. Instead, we would wait until bedcheck at 11:30 when a door to door vote would be taken by the bed-checker.

There was no vote at bedcheck. By then, the word was out that the statement would not get the votes needed and by talking about it, we were splitting the conference.

As I see it, the LRYers on Star did not want any one to break their bubble of Nirvana or anarchy to tell them that there is work to be done to build a peaceful world. We could not even have discussion on our statement without the fear of splitting the conference. Why can't we talk about it without such devastating consequences? Was I expecting too much when I thought LRYers would be the least anathetic of American youth and the most apt to be virtuous and moral?

Why were people so alarmed when we proposed this plea? Nothing like our statement had ever been proposed for ratification on Star but that did not mean that it could never be done! There were no rules to follow which spelled out how to ratify a statement like ours. Strangely enough, parliamentary procedure was not the method used. It was more like the rule was in the hands of a few, they decided what was to be done and all others followed accordingly. That was how it was decided that the business meeting vote did not hold any weight and that the real vote would be at 11:30, bedcheck.

I speak of apathy. It was there when some one said, "wait a minute, the twenty-odd people not present knew there was a business meeting, so tough luck, we have a majority!"



There were those who didn't like some of our wording. Men especially did not believe in one sentence of ours which read: "Ours is a male structured society which condones violence and aggression and suppresses cooperative nurturing qualities inherent in both sexes although traditionally assigned to women." Some were against disarmament or an arms freeze and saw the statement as a threat to their beliefs.

But why didn't anyone come to us to suggest changes? There was no feedback, although our invitation was open.

I think the LRYers were very much afraid of having their names associated with something slightly controversial or not quite in accord with our governments tendencies. This amazes and saddens me. They were afraid that their names would be on a list in the Pentagon. They were afraid to speak out for humanity!

I do not hold any few influential people responsible, rather the failure to ratify our statement is a reflection of the entire conference.



--Rachel Bunker

This is the above-mentioned statement that caused such an uproar. It is endorsed by the LRY Executive Committee.

Throughout history, mankind has imagined and developed weapons for one purpose--to be used. There is no reason to believe that nuclear weapons would be an exception.

In an age when our world can be destroyed many times over, war has taken on a new dimension threatening all life. Our decision makers, however, continue to maintain that we can not only survive a nuclear war but win one as well. This is particularly alarming when one considers the ongoing medical consequences of the Hiroshima bombing which was minute compared to our present-day nuclear capabilities.

Ours is a male structured society which condones violence and aggression and suppresses cooperative, nurturing qualities inherent in both sexes although traditionally assigned to women.

What is needed is a profound change in thinking. We need a definition of strength and security that does not depend on an arms race.

In the event of nuclear war, the youth of the world have the most to lose. Having no legal power in decisions needed to halt the arms race, we cry out for the right to live out our lives in peace without the fear of nuclear annihilation.

Dear LRY, COG, etc...

A group of us bearing no particular name (hence--"SRL" for convenience)* had a "continental" conference near Olympia, Washington, June 18-29. We traded work for the use of an eighty acre farm, which saved enough money to enable us to put out a newsletter. A total of approximately eighty people came to the conference, with the daily average being between forty and fifty present. At least fifty of the conferees are present or former Unitarians.

The constructive energy level at the conference was quite good. We would work for three hours, have workshops for three to five hours, then free time after dinner. Work was often disorganized, but we got a lot accomplished, kept the place clean, and left wanting to do a work-trade at our next conference. Workshops were well-attended. Improving work-trade efficiency will be discussed in the upcoming newsletter.

We have apparently been operating as an anarchist group in the recent past, and this conference did much to reaffirm our commitment to this form of self-government. We did not decide on a new name for the group, although BRL (Beyond Religious Liberalism) and SOLP (Society of Unusual People) were considered to be nice ideas. I don't think we have, as a group, any bylaws (which makes "SRL" a misnomer--I'm sure SRL has lots of bylaws). The SRL Archives have been passed from Cat Carney to me.

Our next continental conference will be around the '82 summer solstice (early

summer--ed) probably near Mt. Shasta (in Northern California). We are interested in seeing an east coast continental, preferably in the late summer.

I'm looking for communication with others, suggestions for our next conference, articles and donations for our newsletter (which will be out in late Fall/early Winter). Y'all take care, more later, please write.

love, Bob.



Dear Folks,

You printed a song in People Soup about "The Twelve Days of Reagan's Budget", which a bunch of us sang at the Hartford Conference. Since you wanted to know who was supposed to get credit, I just thought I would share something with you about the song and about what's going on. Lenny and I had heard that song before and we decided to do it at the coffeehouse. We did not come up with the idea for the song.

A group of folks from Pennsylvania (I think) sang that song inside the Pentagon (U.S. War Dept.) at a gathering of people in protest and civil disobedience against the governments continued efforts to promote war, poverty, racism, etc., etc. People got together to say "No more business as usual." No more engineering of our destruction to go undisturbed. We cannot allow them to prepare for war in peace. That's their usual business. Make no mistake about it, war is big business. Corporations make large profits on military production; their contracts with the Pentagon guarantee their profit margin.

Lenny, Lauren and I went down from Connecticut with a van full of people to be a part of this action. About six hundred of us spent the last three days of December doing guerilla theater, vigiling, marching, chanting, sitting in, singing, praying, --speaking out for life at the temple of Death.

The United States and the Soviet Union have enough nuclear weapons to overkill every human being on this planet sixteen times; yet every day the U.S. adds three new nuclear warheads to its stockpile of over 9,200 "strategic" warheads. We have the technology to destroy all life on this planet in half an hour, yet they continue to develop new weapons technology and to make plans for "winning" something they call "limited nuclear war."

The U.S. government is getting ready for another war. All of the indications are there: The military budget gets increased. The draft is on the way back. Jimmy Carter would not rule out the use of military force to protect "our interests" in the Persian Gulf. Ronald Reagan points to El Salvador and says we must keep communism from spreading in "our hemisphere". Is everyone ready to "defend our interests" in Guatemala and Namibia? It's appropriate, after all, the Third World War will be fought in the countries of the Third World.

People need to get active. We need to educate ourselves about what is really going on. Stop accepting at face value the half-truths that are thrown at us. Go some thinking. We need to communicate with each other. The polarization of black/white, male/female, old/young, gay/straight, only serves to keep us divided and powerless. It's not enough to have the right idea. Ideas that do not get acted upon are lost in this world. We have to get ourselves moving in the right direction while we still have a chance.

Yours,
Liz Retner

All Things Considered, Id Rather be in Philadelphia

by Nan Warsaw

The 1981 General Assembly (GA), the annual meeting of Unitarian Universalists, was held in the City of Brotherly and Sisterly love. It took place June twelfth through eighteenth. Almost all the activities I attended were at the Sheraton in downtown Philadelphia. The theme of the opening ceremony was based on a quote by W.C. Fields which is on his gravestone: "All things considered, I'd rather be in Philadelphia."

Youth Caucus (YC), youth ranging in age from twelve to twenty, met daily for business, workshops, discussions, and socializing. At one of our daily meetings we voted to take stands on a few resolutions that were to be brought before the delegates on the floor of the Plenary Sessions. The YC took stands and spoke on the floor in support of resolutions on: mandatory recording of the votes made by the UUA Board of Trustees; rule changes requiring non-discrimination on the basis of sexual and affectional orientation; and a rule change requiring non-discrimination on the basis of age. Not all the resolutions we supported passed, but we did get a feeling of accomplishment: we participated in the decision making process.

At the other YC meetings we had speakers and discussion leaders do workshops: Bob Wheatly, Director of the UU Office of Gay and Lesbian Concerns, came to speak about the office and the UU Lesbian/Gay Caucus. There was good participation in the discussion that followed. Another speaker, Liz Coit, from the UU Service Committee, spoke with us about life in other parts of the world and how the world hunger situation affects us all. Ken Brown led a workshop on Social Actions Involvement. We talked about social actions projects that we can do in our own societies and communities, what we would like to do, and how to go about getting it done.

Bob Alpern, Director of the UU Washington D.C. Office, led many informative

discussions on Registration and the Draft last year at GA. There was still a great interest this year, so we invited Bob back to give an update on the situation and to talk about the reality of the arms race. All the speakers showed how important it is to be informed and involved in the social actions movement.

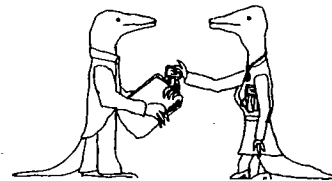
The YC meetings went well, but by mid-week we felt that there was a need to have a YC social event. We had been together for business and housing, but we needed a time to get to know each other better. Besides our Youth Caucus social gathering, there was other fun entertainment, such as: The Gay Gong Show; a most moving concert by Sweet Honey in the Rock (sponsored by the Social Actions Clearinghouse); and the UU Service Committee Follies.

The social activities were great fun, but only a small portion of the total GA program. There were many high powered, well led, workshops relating to youth, from Peer Counseling to Youth Programming. Loretta Williams, Director, Social Responsibility, spoke about the national Youth Service. This proposed bill is an alternative to the conventional method of draft registration and selective service that has been used in the past. It involves mandatory service for the country, but the choice of type of service is up to the individual...although Military service is strongly encouraged, it does leave other options open to the war objector. Not many youth seem to be aware of this proposal (The McKloskey Bill). Loretta's workshop illustrated the point that we must be aware of options and alternatives open to us. Wayne Aranson, Consultant on Youth Programs, spoke in one of the daily UU History programs on the history of the youth movement. For people interested in Common Ground, there was a Youth Assembly Hearing as well as a Common Ground Delegates briefing.

Speakout, a public radio broadcast sponsored by The Cambridge Forum, gave Religious Liberals a chance to express their opinions on how attacks from the new religious right affect them. I was given the opportunity to speak on behalf of youth. Below is an excerpt from that speech:

"...The new religious right is suggesting... repressive measures to be taken in highschools across the country, such as: The teaching of biblical creation, forced prayer, and the elimination of sex education. We (Youth) are concerned by the growing alliance between the new religious right and the political right in America. Youth will not allow our educational and life options to be restricted. We will oppose cuts in education grants, lower pay for youth, and a forced military... Let us not take the easy way out through apathy and blind acceptance of a single truth."

The Youth Caucus held a worship service which was well attended and enjoyable. GA was one of the busiest weeks of my life. I worked hard, played hard, and got very little sleep. Next year's GA will be held at Bowdoin College in Brunswick, Maine, on June twenty-first through twenty-seventh. Hope you can be there and have as fulfilling and experience as I have.



The whole world is about three drinks behind.

Humphrey Bogart

FEAR AND LOATHING IN THE PHILLY SHERATON

The first question that came to mind as I lay passed out on the blood red carpet was: What are in those blue folders that everyone but me has? The second question in my mind was: Where am I? Oh yeah, UUA GA. Five initials, a week of my life, We're going to learn something. Devoted liberals searching for a cause. I must take off my pack, or at least sit down and center myself. Things were becoming foggy. A blue badge asked me if I needed any help. I realized the carpet was rapidly approaching. I must deal with this... I dealt with it... watching my knees buckle, I found myself on the floor.

Meanwhile, she wandered through the crowd of faces... they would smile in recognition (after they read her name tag).

LYer
Tourist
Mug me

There was an over whelming feeling of drunkenness in the air. Rumour has it that one can experience G.A. without alcohol... There were lots of signs that said so.



The basis of optimism is sheer terror. -Oscar Wilde

Semi-conscious and partially blinded by the neon-blue folders, she suddenly spied the heap of tired taco collapsed in the corner. She swam upstream through the business suits and dashikis...until she was standing next to me amid the upper middle class aura. She dropped her folder on my head. I screamed.

She laughed...then she said, "OOH-OOH-AAH-OAH!" --and after a quick glance in either direction, she hissed, "We Must Maintain."

"What?"
"Are you registered yet?"
"What?"

"Registered... (you know they're all registered, ALL OF THEM)...you get a matching badge and folder. It's the only way you can get into the hospitality suites."

"What?"
"Do you have your pre-reg. receipt?"
"What?"
"Don't worry... I forgot mine too. They'll hate us both now."

MASSIVE WAVE OF PARANOIA

She clutched my arm and dragged me to my feet. Clutching my shoulders, with a frantic look in her eyes, she said it again, "WE MUST MAINTAIN!"
--HEAD RUSH, LACK OF SLEEP, TOO MUCH CAFFEINE, LIZARDS!!! And they're giving these things alcohol!!! Track shoes! Order track shoes or we'll never maintain footing on this blood-soaked carpet!*

(we let ourselves be sucked into the stream of bodies funneling through the doors)
I don't remember the name of the bar, but it looked a lot like the plenary sessions. They both had something to do with money. People pouring gin and tonics into blue folders. Smiling chaos. "Just give them some money and they'll leave us alone." Maintain. A toast, to "an urban experience", oh yeah, and to the lizards.

The woman registered me even though I'd spaced my receipt. I was confused. Why were everyone's initials J.P.D.? (did they know? had they caught on yet?) She must have won first place in registration... So many shiny blue ribbons. Now registered, I was one of them. I was afraid to look in my (MY!) blue folder...all of this must mean something.

A group of familiar faces wanted to go to "the church." I gripped my folder apprehensively. The youth separatist army could not afford a cubicle in the Sheraton. Maintain...

We left the Urban Experience designed for suburban lizards and took to the streets. We almost passed out as we passed through the mouth of the Sheraton. What! All of Philadelphia is not airconditioned! I swayed a bit in the heavy humid air. With the controlled environment behind us we were left to deal with the cars, heat, people, subways, and an unbadged crowd. No carpet--cement. The cleats of our track shoes skidded on the pavement. Useless. We must adapt, adjust, (maintain!). The enemy seems to be a step ahead of us! I crossed the street to the sound of squealing tires and high-pitched screams...passing the people, the cars, the red light...they were all out to get us, all of them.

We found our barracks. Greeted by a sign "Even Unitarians must close the door." The Sheraton didn't have cockroaches (...or did it?) The community spirit, like that of the nursery school our resting-place housed, lifted us to our feet, around the room, and out the door. "OhGod!" (--suddenly the realization) "Check the time!" she screamed, with a crazed look in her eyes...paving at my wrist in hone of a watch. (Countdown to Snyder/Manson interview) We roam the streets.

"We must get to a television, NOW!!!" The quest is successful. Chuck twirls his microphone cord...into the night...

"you trust someone and...bam! they up and lose their minds" -ryk mcintyre

"in philadelphia, i'm sure that i got healthier. maybe it's right to be nervous now..." -howard devoto



CONT. ON P. 7

Feds Ups and Downs

BARNEY

Barney, currently under the control of unicorns and bunnies, has undergone some major restructuring lately. We have rewritten our bylaws and plan to revise the changes further. We hope our new system will be more efficient, actually we know it will be.

MBF (Massachusetts Bay Federation)

Held an overnight 25th of July for non-LRY youth to learn about LRY and MBF. Summers End will be held Labor Day weekend; cost \$12--\$14 per person. For more info: Dave Caputo 197 Lovell St. Peabody MA 01960 (617) 531-0632

CHF - Central Midwest Federation
There was a CHF campout, July 15-19 at Ill. Beach State Park. The last Board meeting was at the conference in Geneva, IL. in May.

LSD ANYONE????
Are there any LRYs left in the LSD (Lower Southern District)???

If there are any that are interested in rebuilding this greatest of all great federations, please contact me at the following address:

"Resurrect the fed"
Don Jacobson, Jr.
1911 Cliff Valley Way
Atlanta, GA 30329

note: LSD's boundaries are concurrent with those of the UUA's Mid-South District.

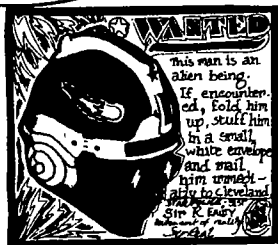
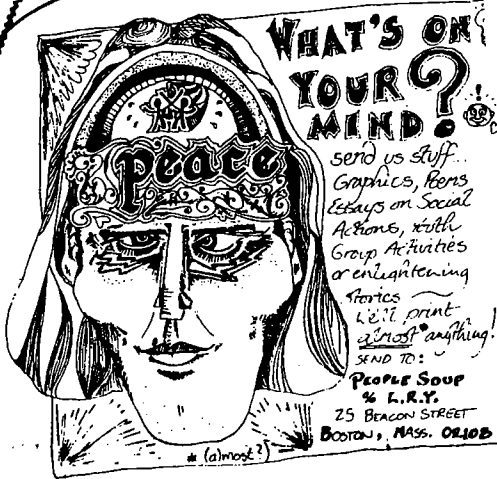
DVF - Delaware Valley Federation

In late May DVF enthusiastically elected its new officers. We are being our usual organized selves and have no immediate plans for the future. Locals have pretty much broken up for the summer, but the spring did contain two conferences: Newark and Princeton. For more info contact:

Megan Granda or Michael Davis (Prince)
108 Hullahen Ct. 28 Sycamore Ln.
Newark, DE 19711 Skillman, NJ 08558

For more info:
Paul Veil or
318 1/2 Main St.
Racine, WI 53403

Evelyn McDonald
2441 E. Ridge Rd.
Beloit, WI 53511
608-365-9092



Fear and Loathing...

--Memory Warp--

Waking up to be kicked out of what seemed to be an optimum sleeping spot. Many trips to the Sheraton and back...running amok in choir robes...haziness...All the hallways looked alike. Were the elevators running slow or was I? Emotional cancer growing from hypocrisy. (I kept hitting you to see if you could still feel) Between drinks we would spend money.

Resolutions (glazed eyes) Sneeches (flash the grimace/smile) events (keep going) people themes (where are you?) I'm lost. We must maintain. It all gets rather unclear at this point...the notes are scrawled and frantic)

In retrospect, I am not bitter. It was a good party. Disillusionment at ooh-ooh-aah-gah was from more than alcohol. See you next year. (and images of lizards dance in their heads...Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmm she squealed as softly as she could...the sound was not unlike that of nails on a chalkboard...but with an interesting strangled quality about it...)

*a quote directed from Hunter S. Thompson, Doctor of Gonzo Journalism

amy shapiro & kathryn price

Paranoia is just a kind of awareness, and awareness is just a form of love.
Charles Manson

From The Soup Kitchen: Reflections of a Conference Cook

by da Cook: iane Betz

So, you're going to have a conference; you have the committee, the workshop leaders and even the advisors lined up. What are you going to eat? One idea is to have the conferees bring bag dinners for the first night, serve oatmeal the first morning, send everyone out to Friendlies for lunch and have the local members provide a pot luck dinner for the second night. Sunday morning, you can eat the rest of the oatmeal...what could be easier? If you are feeling a bit more ambitious, there are many opportunities to make the food more complicated, it really depends upon the energy of the planning committee, the site and the reasons you want to cook at the conference. Will you appoint a single co-ordinator or a committee? Are you aiming for low cost or special types of food? What are the facilities like? Do you have a stove, oven and a refrigerator? Who are you feeding? What do they like to eat? Any special dietary restrictions? This article should give you the basic knowledge needed to plan the food for a gathering or conference.

First you need to identify the food co-ordinator or committee. You may be fortunate enough to have one person who will volunteer to plan the menu, do the shopping, cook, serve and clean up after the meals. If you find such an individual in your midst, pamper them, they are rare, especially if they do a good job. If you do not, don't despair, you can always appoint a committee to do these tasks. Make sure that you keep the number of committee members appropriate to the size of the task...and make sure that they keep in good communication. The co-ordinator(s) will need to determine who they are feeding, how much they will spend doing it and what it shall be.

If your committee does not want to cook, you will need to find someone who will. Sometimes an advisor or someone's parent will love to. You can even ask them for good recipes and ideas on group feeding. Usually someone

in the church has had experience in arranging large dinners and potlucks and can give advice. Another important person is someone with a car, to make last minute runs for the cook, if the cook does not have a car. Someone who can co-ordinate clean up can be very useful too.

The committee can be responsible for more than just the menu...food at a conference can be an important part of the total program. If you have the facilities and if someone in the local has the skills you can do workshops in the kitchen on bread baking or tofu. Your can have a theme meal featuring the food of a specific culture, or a theme banquet. A moment of silence before the meal can add greatly to the feeling of conference community; grace, for groups so inclined can serve the same purpose. A coffeepot, with herb teas and fresh cookies can provide a special atmosphere where people can talk in a corner of a large meeting room.

When planning the mailing, there are several things that you should remember to include. A line like "What won't you eat?" is generally more helpful to the planners than a line like "Are you a Veggie?". It is generally safe to assume that some food at the conference should be free of meat and dairy products, like some of the bread and raw vegetables and fruit which could be eaten by just about everyone. You should also include a note if people are to bring anything special for a banquet, like a costume, and if they should bring their own bowl, spoon and cup. Plan a minimum and maximum number of people that you will try to feed, based on the pre-registrations and on the size of the facility. The cost of the conference will be determined by the amount you plan to spend on food and programming and if you plan to make a profit.

The size of the facility is another major consideration. If the conference is to be held at your home church you ought to know all about what is there, but if the

event is to occur in a strange church, or a rented hall or camp, you will need to call and ask a few questions. Even if you think that you know the place, call to make sure. You will need to know if you will have to pay for utilities, or of any other fees that you will be expected to pay...perhaps you will have to make a damage deposit. What facilities are there, is there a stove, an oven, a fridge? Can you use them? What is there in the way of pots and pans? Dishes? Are there napkins? Salt and pepper shakers? Spices? Who else will be using the kitchen during the time that you will be there? What are the rules of the building pertaining to candles? (if you plan to use them...)

The equipment that the site has will play an important role in the food that you



"can you cook?"

cont. on page 8

8 Soup Kitchen...

are able to cook. It is hard to do pancakes without a grill, and hard to do pizza without a large and reliable oven. Keep in mind the size of the facility and the number of people you expect to feed. Fifty is the top number you can feed out of a conventional sized kitchen using normal batch methods. Any more will need to be fed in shifts. The most common problem is that the pots aren't big enough to feed everyone at once. If there is only a small refrigerator, you will need to buy some of the more perishable items more than once. In the fall and winter the vegetables and other items that need cool, but not cold storage can be put in a cool place, off the floor. Plan the food to suit the equipment available. In a pinch, you can make things like spaghetti sauce somewhere else and bring it to the site and you can always eat sandwiches...

With these things in mind, you can begin to plan the menu. You should decide some amount of money that you plan to spend per conference on food to be used as a buffer fund. Keeping this and the people you are feeding (with their dietary choices/restrictions) and the program considerations in mind you can now begin to plan the menu. Take a large piece of paper and mark off a column for each meal that you plan to serve. Write down as many ideas as you can think of that fill the restrictions that you have decided upon. It is a good idea to also plan a munch table of things like fruit, popcorn, granola, etc. that people can eat anytime (it keeps them out of the kitchen). Now go over the list and arrange the choices to allow for the greatest variety in meals. (i.e. don't have eggs for breakfast and quiche for lunch). Try to have one meal that will please each interest group, plan a good non-meat meal for at least one night. People may learn from the new food, and it can be alot cheaper than serving meat. Veggies get really tired of cottage cheese and canned peaches...Some foods don't really need meat, like macaroni and cheese, and pizza. Some meals, like spaghetti can easily be made with two sauces, one meat and one non-meat. One of the most important things to keep in mind is the amount of hidden meat that may be in many prepared foods. If there is lard in something, tell people, or put a note on it. The same thing goes for something that may be unobvious like sugar and milk in places where they are not expected.

Once this list is arranged, you need to go over it and make a list of any special utensils that you will need, like pressure cookers, strainers, tongs, a food processor, a blender, and don't forget the garbage bags, tinfoil, and dish soap. Some of these things can be found at the site, but it is nicest to replace them if you use them. Find out what you can borrow from local members. Be creative and improvise with the food but make sure that whoever is cooking has made the dish before or is working from a reliable recipe and knows what the dish should taste and look like. If you don't have enough dishes tell people to bring them and also buy some paper, not styrafoam, cups and plates.

Remember to arrange a list with the amounts of ingredients needed for all the things which you plan to prepare. This includes all beverages, the snacks for the munchie table, any condements, and special foods for any program (like a pie or mango). When you have an idea about what you need, consult the recipe for the amounts, and then begin calling to find the best places to buy the supplies that you need.

The yellow pages can be useful. Look under food warehouses, or specific types of food like cheese or vegetables. If you are near a large city, you can take advantage of the farmers market that usually takes place on Friday or Saturday. If you get there at the end of the day they are likely to sell you things cheaper than in the morning because they want to get rid of the stuff. In the correct season and area you can go out and pick fruit at an orchard for good prices. Someone in the group may be a member of a local food co-operative, or a food buying club. Call your local health food store and ask them for the name and number of the warehouse where they buy their food. You may be able to buy some items bulk if you need sufficient quantity.

If you have to buy at a grocery store tell them that you are a church group and they may be able to give you a tax break. Ask when the produce comes in and try to arrange to buy full crates of fruit and any vegetables that you need. If you have to buy

from the isles buy the largest packages that you can and try to buy the generic or house brands. Some stores will sell you cases at cost. Planning ahead can almost always save you money. Take advantage of seasonal produce and fruit. Call around, tell them that you intend to make large purchases and see who will offer you the best deal. Most of the food will keep pretty well, but you will have to keep buying the more perishable items as the fridge clears out. This is where someone with a car can be very useful. It also helps to find a 24 hour store, or to find some local group member who can keep things at home until they are needed.

Be sure to leave lots of time for preparation of the meals. It will inevitably take longer than you expect it to. Remember to get people to set up the room to eat in before the meal. Decide who will serve the food and how it will be distributed. Depending on the size of the group, you may want to serve the meal family style, everyone sitting and being served at the same time, or cafeteria style, with some people serving as the rest line up. With this second form of serving, remember that you are feeding the people at the end of the line too. Start small and there may be some left for seconds. Mealtimes are a good time for announcements, or for singing. After the meal, people can wash their own dishes or you can make up a dish crew. If you take volunteers, you are likely to see the same tired faces in the kitchen all the time. Sometimes family groups are hard to track down for clean ups. If you remind them of their responsibility to the conference you can squeeze the muckkins for work. One good strategy is to not start the next meal until the kitchen has been cleaned.

So, you finished the cooking at your first conference. How was it? Be sure to have a de-briefing meeting to discuss things that should be done better next time. Try to meet with someone from the church to discuss the condition of the kitchen, and make sure that it's okay. It was a great conference, guess what, they want you to cook for the Board of Directors meeting...



the right to bread

Loretta J. Williams, Director
Section of Social Responsibility, UUA

The "right to bread" is a human and political right recognized and affirmed by many streams of Christian, ethical, humanist and other religious perspectives in the United States. Political action to secure this right is also recognized as an essential part of the chore of securing this right.

The election of 1980 has had a far-reaching impact on the political agenda of hunger action. A new administration, new alignments of power in the Congress, and an economic situation in the U.S., which is more precarious than at any other time since the Great Depression. How can we respond?

Did you know that:
Average benefits under the Food Stamp Program under attack by the Reagan administration is 43c a meal?
75% of food stamp recipients in 1980 are children, the elderly, and single parents who are heads of households?

Yet we are facing in the United States unprecedented cutbacks in social programs. While some persons are rubbing their hands with delight over the "New" economic experiment, human needs organizations and interfaith coalitions are digging in for a long hard fight to protect social services. Can support be mobilized for a responsible budget? Can we speak out effectively against the twin evils of increased militarism and social services cutbacks?



Yes, we can be truth-tellers, for one. We can mount the podium and the mails to publicize alternative budgeting: higher alcohol taxes, removal of the tobacco subsidy, higher tobacco taxes etc. We can urge the implementation of the Humphrey Hawkins Full Employment Act. And we can remind ourselves and others of the deplorable conditions existing before the country moved to begin federalizing welfare payments, Medicaid and the like. Withdrawal of federal government props undergirding the fragile economic web supporting poor families with minor children will be a disaster.

But what specifically can I do, you ask. The Food Stamp Program needs your support--and that of your members in Congress. Congressional committees are now deciding how many people will get how much food stamp assistance over the next few years. The House Budget Committee will act mid-April followed then by full congressional action in the spring.

Mount a campaign of letters to your Representatives and Senators immediately. Urge them to support legislation which would:

1. Authorize the Food Stamp Program at current eligibility levels for the next four years and
2. Provide sufficient funds for the program in Fiscal Year '82.

As religious and ethical persons we believe the justice demands particular attention to the needs of the poor. Federal food programs, including food stamps, provide one small means by which society attempts to help needy members achieve an adequate diet. The statistics demonstrate the meagerness of the program. Yet that meagerness is headed for cuts without action by concerned citizens.

If anything is out of control, it is surely not the programs of assistance themselves but rather the troubles in our national economy which are increasing both unemployment and poverty. The answer to the question, "Is the program costing too much?" must surely pose a counter question: "Too much compared to what?"

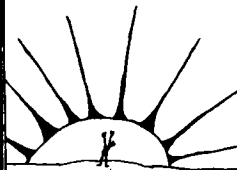
SOCIAL ACTION bulletin!!!

War on Smileys!!!

It has recently been discovered that the cliché seemingly harmless SMILEY buttons so many people are accustomed to wearing at social gatherings, are actually cleverly disguised alien beings trained by Soviets to suck out the personality of every American.

THIS MUST BE STOPPED!!!

If you see anyone, ANYONE, wearing one of these killer buttons, SHOOT THEM IMMEDIATELY!!! Then RId them up, stuff them in a small white envelope and mail them directly to Cleveland BUT BE CAREFUL!!!



Living For The Dream, Dying For The Dream

The Fight For Irish Freedom
by Richard Terrass

On December 18, 1978, Ciaran McGillicuddy arrived in Long Kesh -- another Irish Republican sentenced to the H-Blocks of Her Majesty's Maze Prison just outside of Belfast. At the time, Ciaran was sixteen years old.

Originally arrested on January 9, 1978, and released later that same day, Ciaran was re-arrested on March 14, 1978. He was refused bail and was held in Crumlin Road Prison until October 17, 1978 when his "trial" began before the single judge of a juryless Diplock court. Like well over 90% of all prisoners brought before the Diplock Courts, Ciaran was convicted and on October, 26, 1978 he was sentenced to four years detention for allegedly acting as a lookout during a bombing incident and for membership in Fianna Eireann, an "outlawed" Republican youth organization.

As is the case in most trials before the Diplock courts, Ciaran was convicted solely on the basis of a "confession" which he was forced to sign in police custody with neither his parents, nor a lawyer present. When Ciaran's parents were finally allowed to see him, Ciaran told them that he had only signed the "Confession" in order to bring a stop to the beatings he had been subjected to by the Royal Ulster Constabulary (RUC).

During Ciaran's trial, the police doctor who had examined Ciaran after his interrogation said that he had found nothing wrong with Ciaran, however, Ciaran's lawyer pointed out that the police doctor's notes mentioned finding several bruises on Ciaran's chest and neck and that Ciaran had reported being choked by police during his interrogation.

Ciaran refused to wear the prison uniform and went "on the blanket" to protest the treatment he had received and to demand to be treated as a political prisoner. By going on the blanket, Ciaran joined over two-hundred and fifty Republican prisoners (there are currently over four-hundred) in demanding political status. The blanket protest, which began in 1976 has given rise to a new proverb in the folklore of the eight-hundred and twelve year struggle to free Ireland from British rule, "A prison blanket is the noblest gown an Irishman can wear."

Ciaran McGillicuddy has spent more than half of his life living with "the troubles", as the fighting against the British is known. Ciaran and those he grew up with are now the youths, the young men and women; and a new generation of children has grown up never having known anything but the troubles.

Ciaran's case is not atypical. Children and youths in British-occupied Ireland must live with the troubles every day and frequently they find themselves the deliberate targets of both the British army and the RUC.

In recent weeks, several children and youths have been killed or seriously injured by the British army and the RUC. Rubber and plastic bullets are fired directly into crowds and at individuals despite international agreements which forbid the firing of riot-control devices such as rubber and plastic bullets directly at people. Still others have been fired on with live ammunition or have been caught in the crossfire.

Shortly after the death of Bobby Sands on hunger strike May 5, 1981, the British army and the RUC began sweeping through the hospitals and arresting any injured youths under the Prevention of Terrorism Act and holding them without charges for up to twenty-eight days.

The psychological and emotional impact of the troubles on the children and youths of British-occupied Ireland has been studied extensively and reported on by Dr. Rona Fields of Temple University and Dr. Morris Fraser, a psychiatrist with the Royal Belfast Hospital for Sick Children. Dr. Fields and Dr. Fraser found that several thousand children have suffered severe trauma, cerebral dysfunction, neurological impairments, and severe psychological problems which have affected every aspect of their lives. In many cases, the damage is permanent and irreversible.

These children have seen their friends and family members arrested and imprisoned, their homes destroyed, and their schools used as barracks. In the words of Dr. Fraser, "With the establishment of Long Kesh Internment camp and, as towards the end of 1971, total arrests reached several hundred, there was added to the earlier stresses the fear that the father would be interned... An army swoop must, of course, be unexpected: it is often dramatic, and -- at least for a child -- always frightening."

An eleven year old Belfast girl expressed the terror very clearly in a letter to the BBC program *Your Own Voices* during 1971 when she wrote:

"I lay awake all that night. I lay in horror, afraid and sobbing. I heard cries of fear and shots all around me. I thought of my friends out (sic) the next street. Would any of them be killed? Would they be burned out? Everyone in our family was downstairs except me and my younger sisters. The next morning it was quiet. Then a man came around crying out: 'Leave at once! Some men tried to hold off the invaders. Others dumped women and children into cars and drove them as far away as they could. I was taken to someone's house; someone I didn't know, but I didn't care, as long as I was safe. Then I began to fret, because my mother and father and the rest of my family were somewhere else. Four days later I found out where the rest of my family were, and we went back to our street. It was quiet. Because no one else was there. It was black, ugly, and ghastly. It was burnt out shells of houses."

It is difficult for someone who has not lived through the terror to understand just what it means to live in constant fear that you, your friends; or your family might be arrested and imprisoned, killed, or seriously injured. These fears are very real, however, for the people of British-occupied Ireland live in a community where, during the last ten years, at least one family in every six has had at least one member interned, imprisoned, tortured, or killed.

This is the world that Ciaran McGillicuddy has known for more than half of his life. This is the only world that an entire generation of children has known. The children in the north of Ireland are the product of the British occupation of Ireland. Ciaran McGillicuddy is the resistance to that occupation. Far from breaking the spirit of resistance, the British campaign of terror has only served to strengthen the resistance and fan the flames of Republicanism.

II
The current hunger strike is the outgrowth of the Blanket Protest, begun September 14, 1976 when Kieran Nugent, the first prisoner denied Political Status under the new British policy of "criminalization" resolved, "If they want me to wear prison garb, they will have to nail it on me."

Political Status had originally been granted to Republican and Loyalist prisoners in 1972 as the result of a hunger strike by several Republican prisoners. Political Status entitled the prisoners to wear their own cloths, have a weekly visit and food parcel, freely associate among themselves, and to not do prison work. The political prisoners were housed in twenty-two prisoner of war camp type barracks known as cages.

In granting Political Status, Britain had apparently assumed that the nationalist community in occupied Ireland would soon be defeated and that therefore, the granting of Political Status was a small concession. By 1976, however, it was apparent to the British that they were no closer to a solution to the Irish problem, either militarily, or politically. As a result of that realization, the British government announced that all prisoners convicted of offenses committed after March 1, 1976 would be denied Political Status.

Lady Rock



by Mike Davis

There was the wierdest looking rock directly in front of me--it had no shape to speak of, and it was shiny...so even though I didn't look right up at the sun, I was aware of it's brilliance in the sky. I leaned forward, picked up the rock and played with it as I thought.

The cliff that Jackie and I were on was nice and secluded--It had a view of the mountains and a valley--all of it green. My thoughts weren't really on where I was right then--they were on Jackie. Jackie and I were on strange terms, and I felt torn up just being around her. She was a small girl with brown hair and eyes that jumped at you. Her size had little to do with what she was as a person. To me, she was gigantic, she had my heart captured and all the stuff--the mind games, the lies--were all part of how we related to each other. I'd come out here with her to talk about a piece of information which I had learned unexpectedly.

"Jackie--" I started, "Jackie, we made love two nights ago and now you won't let me touch you! What's going on?" Her silence was harder to take than a scream.

"Jackie--" I was cut off by a reply. "Jerry, our relationship shouldn't be a relationship where there is pushing-- I like how open and honest we are with each other and I'd like to keep it special." My temper was fading fast.

"Definitely--" I said, "Open-honest, and that's why while you were a guest at my house last Wednesday you slept with Marc while I was at work."

She looked at me for a moment, and then said, "He pushed me into it--I couldn't stop it, really...I--" she stumbled with her words for a moment, "I--look, I didn't feel comfortable, but it happened."

"While I wanted you, and you had denied me, you sleep with my best friend, in my house, behind my back!"

I felt myself losing control. "You never mentioned it--I had to find out from him while he was drunk last night!"

"Jerry--our relationship isn't one where I have to tell you things like that --we're not married or anything."

"Yeah," I snapped--"it's whatever you want to make it and you keep changing it on me--"

"look, I don't feel comfortable talking to you, I'd like to go now and see Mitch." Mitch was her other lover, although she was more constant with him in a sexual manner, and also in how she related to him.

"Jerry, your monogamous devotion to me is wonderful, but--"

It all happened almost too quick to remember.

"Slut!" I screamed, Jackie had stood to leave but I was boiling mad. With all the force I could, I pushed her off the cliff.

She hung on the ledge with one hand, still on the edge. Yes, now her disposition had changed.

"Jerry..." she started to cry... "please..."

I reached down as if to grab her hand --but couldn't, not at the thought of all she'd done to me.

I instead took the heel of my hiking boot and smashed it squarely on her hand.

The scream seemed to last forever, as she fell...and then, it was all over. She was gone. I was upset at one thing, though. In the scuffle, that strange rock rolled off the cliff.

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Diverse Paths... Do it!!

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